

## HEROES DEATH

Tragically Told In Detail By Officer Who Was Near.

The following letter from the officer in charge, was written to Jesse Calico's father, Mr. James A. Calico, of Paint Lick, and is so appropos at this time, that we gladly reproduce it in detail:—

"Jany 1st, 1918,  
Dear Mr. Calico:—

Your son was in the platoon which brought him directly under my observation, while we were training; also I was in the same tank with him when he lost his life. I will therefore undertake to give you the particulars which you so naturally desire.

I am sure there would have been several letters from his comrades telling you of all this long before now, if it were not forbidden under the censorship.

Corporal Calico was one of the original personnel of the Battalion and his reliability soon made him one of our best soldiers. His officers knew that he was always dependable and the hard work that he put upon his courses while in training, made him a most desirable man for any tank crew.

He was fortunate in having for his tank Commander, Lt. H. E. Potter, an officer who could thoroughly appreciate him; and the men who made up his crew were much above the average. They all admired your son.

He was the gunner on the six pounder, which is the largest gun on the tank. He went into action in this capacity.

On September 29th, we attacked the Hindenburg line between Cambria and St. Quentin, in conjunction with the 7th Division, which is from New York. We met with heavy resistance from the start, but Lt. Potter's tank went steadily ahead for about one hour and a half. It did fine work in clearing the machine gun nest and the fire from your sons gun was responsible for most of this execution. He was very calm all the time and handled his gun in an admirable manner.

It was just after the tank crossed one of the enemy trenches, that it was struck by a shell from an enemy field piece.

I was very close to your son at the moment and he was in the act of firing. The shell penetrated the tank and exploded in our midst. It wounded or killed every one in the tank. Five of the crew died practically instantly. Your son was one of these. He managed to get a small bible out of his pocket, but although I examined those who were left in the tank, he was lifeless, and I made my search a moment or two after the explosion.

He was buried with the others of the crew, near the little French town of Ronsoy.

I sympathize with you in your loss but it is at least a comfort for you to know that he died bravely in an attack that

broke the last hold of the Germans on their famous Hindenburg line. He was one of the best men in the company and both his officers and his comrades deeply regret his death."

Very sincerely,

W. M. Rosborough,  
1st Lt. U. S. T. C. 301st Bn.

"My Dear Mr. Calico:—

Lieut. Rosborough has written you full details of your son's death, for he was with him at the time. Permit me

to add my heartfelt sympathy, as well as that of all the officers and men of this Company.

Corporal Calico was liked and respected by both his officers and fellow soldiers for his reliability and clean manliness—and he was a distinct loss to the organization. His going was as I know he would have wished it, in battle well behind the enemy lines. When we found him he was still by the gun he had used so gallantly with a small Testament clasped in his hands.

A few personal belongings have been forwarded in accordance with regulations to the proper authorities, and I trust will reach you in the course of time.

For those of us who have been so fortunate as to come through alive the joy of a victorious peace is dimmed by the thought of our comrades who willingly gave all that it might come. But it is at the same time a glorious memory for no finer thing can be said of any man than he was a good soldier and died for his country in a great cause.

Sincerely yours,

Rile P. Clarke,

Capt. T. I. Co. C, 301st Bn., T. C.  
American Ex. Forces.

Insects in 5 colors.

Few people know that in the glades of the western national parks live several species of minute insects, looking about like tiny flies. They are harder to see than the so-called and flies of the sandhills, because much smaller. Slender, dark brown worms live in countless millions in the surface soil. Microscopic, rose-colored plants also thrive in such vast numbers that they tint the surface here and there.

**Daily Thought.**  
A man is the whole encyclopedia of facts.—Emerson.

**Power in Gentleness.**  
Men are led away from threatening destruction; a hand is put into theirs which leads them forth gently toward a calm and bright land so that they look no more backward—and the hand may be a little child's.—George Eliot.

**Maybe.**  
"You can catch anything if you have the right kind of bait," remarked the fisherman. "For instance, a man can take a little angle worm and catch a fish and the same man can take a little dinky street car and catch a train."

# "If ye break faith with us who die—"



**CORPORAL JESSE CALICO, 301st Battalion, U. S. T. C., was killed in the attack on the Hindenburg line, September 29th, 1918, for his faith in the cause for which America fought.**

He was one of the first men who entered the service from Garrard County. He knew that those things were at stake which far out-weighted the value of the individual life of any man.

He said goodbye to his friends and loved ones as he left the station in Lancaster, but he knew that he was going to fight for the women and children of the whole world then and for generations to come.

There is just one thing the friends in Garrard County can do for JESSE CALICO and for those who died with him.

**WE CAN KEEP THE FAITH.**

**WE CAN FINISH THE JOB FOR WHICH THEY PAID THEIR LIVES.**



Jesse Calico